

The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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Editorial Notes.

When a grudge is buried never mark the mound.

THE visit of the Grand Duke Alexis gives a great many of our people an opportunity to make fools of themselves.

THE *Boston Post* says Tennyson's *Idyll-ness* has become chronic. But then his is a sort of *idyll-ness* which few have the genius to follow, and none the ability to overtake.

A WOMAN writes that now the REVOLUTION has become a respectable paper she has no further use for it. Perhaps she needs the paper all the more on that account. A little more respectability would not injure some people.

FREE education for women in medical science is a new thing, and it is with special pleasure that we can announce the opening of the Thompson Free Medical College, in this city, on the twelfth of this month. Particular attention will be given to the education of young women as nurses.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, is making special inquiry into the subject of the co-education of the sexes. He wants to know how the plan works in other colleges before he adopts it in his own. Which is wise. We learn that the success which has attended the experiment at Oberlin has quite convinced him of the entire practicability of the measure. The opening of Cornell to women would set an example that other colleges could not resist, and mark an epoch in the history of our cause.

A NEW subscriber wishes a better name could be found for our paper. She does not like revolutions, and does not believe that woman suffrage will cause any such overturns of society as the word revolution implies. Which is very true. We do not believe in revolution, but in evolution; the good out of the bad, and the better out of the good. We are not waging a battle, but tilling a field and educating a people. We did not make the name of our journal, but found and adopted it until a better is suggested. We shall be pleased to receive suggestions.

THE Grand Duke has been overdone. When he looked into the bedroom prepared for him, and saw the superb couch, with all its unnamable and indescribable finery to woo sweet sleep and soul-beguiling dreams, his courage failed him, and he beat a hasty retreat, like the Great Napoleon from Moscow. One look was enough, and he ordered his simple, brass-framed naval bed brought up from the ship, and, like a true son of the North, bestowed himself upon that. Which was rather hard upon the bed committee. Do is a gentleman; but Overdo is usually a dunkey.

THE nimble wits of our bright-eyed little girls are rather too quick for our slow brains sometimes. It was at the Thanksgiving dinner-table that we undertook to teach a lesson of gratitude, by drawing a contrast between the feast before us and the plain and rather scanty fare which we were so thankful for in our young days. Certainly we never dreamed of sitting down to such a dinner as was spread before us this year. Little black eyes looked very intent and sparkled with unusual glow as their owner asked: "Father, weren't you awfully green when you were a little boy?" It is needless to say that the moral was omitted that time.

AN effort is making in the Legislature of Wyoming to repeal the woman suffrage law, and as the majority is largely Democratic we shall not be surprised if it takes this backward and downward step. It is a grand thing, however, to have had the trial fairly made, and to have the best men in the territory, with Governor Campbell at their head, pronounce the experiment a complete success. The testimony of Governor Campbell is worth a thousand arguments; for it affords just that practical information which has the greatest weight with the masses of men everywhere. They say, "We do not want your fine theories. Tell us how the thing works in practice." Governor Campbell's message answers this question. It is a message every legislature should ponder well.

OUR mention of Thanksgiving was crowded out last week, to our great regret. Such articles are not like the old-fashioned mince pies, which used to retain all their excellence through the Winter, and improve by the keeping. We don't find such pies in these days of degenerate cookery as our mother used to make. Which is not wonderful, but has nothing to do with our article, which, like modern pastry, was good for one day only, and not particularly good for that. But though our article is not usable, and Thanksgiving has come and gone, bringing good cheer and leaving beautiful memories in thousands of hearts, the gratitude out of which it blossomed is an everyday and all-the-year virtue, and, like the water in the old-fashioned well, improves by use and is never so good as when oftenest drawn upon. And the women of America have a vast deal to be grateful for.

Blackwood for November has a capital article on French and English servants. The former appears to best advantage in the comparison. He has more elasticity of nature and versatility of mind, and fits more easily into new circumstances, and is more polite and obliging, and a much happier fellow on a much poorer fare than the English servant. The essayist suggests that English housekeepers should make a truce with their servants, the two parties agreeing to treat each other as

friends, to give and to take, and to make each other comfortable generally. The hint is a good one, and might be acted on by American housekeepers to advantage. They are a more human nature in domestic, and a friendly interest in their comfort and forbearance with their mistakes might improve their dispositions and mend their ways. And it would do no harm to remember that many mistresses are as incompetent to command as their servants are to obey.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is one of the best writers and most graceful and elegant lecturers in the country, and his rigorous and polished pen renders an equal service to literature and the great reforms of the age. His editorials in *Harper's Weekly* are admirable in spirit and style, while they always say the word that needs to be spoken; and his contributions to the *Bazar* are so graceful and suggestive that they double the value of that entertaining paper. In the last number of *Harper's Monthly* he has a few timely words for woman suffrage, which must have an influence with the two hundred thousand readers of that popular magazine. In the last *Weekly* he intimates his belief that the recent amendments to the Constitution confer the right of suffrage upon women; at any rate, that instrument must be interpreted in favor of the largest liberty. It is a great thing for our cause to have open advocacy in the most popular and largely circulated journals of the land, and by one whose words are as judicious and wise as they are graceful and elegant.

THE *Pittsburgh Commercial* has a very fair and handsome notice of the woman suffrage convention recently held in that city. It says:—Whatever views one may hold as to the propriety or policy of recognizing woman's right to vote, no rational man may refuse to admit that it is a fair subject for consideration and discussion. On both sides of the Atlantic able men, and women also, virtuous and intellectually gifted, are deeply interested in the debate, and advance facts and arguments in favor of the so-called reform which, though they may not be conclusive or satisfactory, cannot justly be treated with either silence or contempt. To the candid spectator of the proceedings it was evident enough that the ladies who took part in them are quite in sympathy, as regards most subjects, with their educated and virtuous countrywomen everywhere, and that they do not believe that their policy is of a radically revolutionary tendency. Quiet dignity, downright earnestness, and the utmost fluency of speech, were obvious characteristics of most of the speakers. Flashes of wit occasionally relieved the severity of grave argument. In fact, the convention was well adapted to impress spectators with the practical sense as well as earnestness of the reformers, and to produce a generally favorable impression.

Contributions.

Eliza Cook.

Among the literary women of our time, Eliza Cook deserves honorable mention and kind remembrance. Though neither brilliant as essayist, nor inspired as poet, nor the creator of a school of fiction, yet she has written much and well, and has put so much heart into what she has written that her lines seem to palpitate with her personality, and never fail to find the hearts of her readers.

Eliza Cook was the youngest of eleven children. She was born in Southwark, near London, in 1818. Her father was a brazier; but when in her ninth year he removed to a small farm in Sussex, where the beautiful and picturesque scenery had a marked effect upon his daughter's unfolding mind. He did not believe in educating his girls; but Nature had made a provision for Eliza in an intellectual appetite which was insatiable, and she read all the books she could lay her hands upon, borrowing of any one who had a volume to loan, and sometimes sitting up the third of the night to finish it to return in the morning. The death of her mother when Eliza was still a child had the effect of throwing her back upon her own resources both for entertainment and direction; and she found the former in an extensive reading of the best authors, and the latter in the exercise of a naturally good understanding. These circumstances conspired to give her culture and character, the two elements of success and influence.

Miss Cook began to write when still a girl, and some of her poems composed in her fifteenth year have survived, and show the generous sentiments and noble thoughts that were stirring in her young mind. On her father's removal to London in 1838 she ventured to send some of her lines to the papers and magazines of the metropolis, which were well received and immediately published. Only her initials were given, and it was hard for the editors to believe that they were not written by a man. But the eulogistic notices her poems received in all quarters made it difficult for her to preserve her obscurity, and her name was received with equal surprise and favor by the public.

From that time forward Eliza Cook was a recognized name in English literature. Her first volume of poetry attracted so much attention that a London publisher offered a handsome sum for a complete edition of her works, which was issued in 1840. The volume was handsomely illustrated, and received with great favor both in England and America. Enlarged editions and additional volumes have been published since, and two volumes of her poems have been translated into German and French.

The characteristics of her poetry are heartiness, vivacity, sprightliness, and a certain abounding vitality that sparkles and throbs in every line and makes them almost magnetic. Their sentiment is entirely free

from the melancholy airs and morbid sickness of much of our modern poetry. She writes out of a healthy heart, and sings from very joy; and though her muse touches pathetic chords or strikes on notes of sorrow, there is still a steady undertone of subdued and grateful happiness in her song. These qualities account very largely for the popularity of her poems. They find a response in the hearts of the people, and even the sorrowing turn to them for the cheer they communicate and the hues of hope with which they tint the life-clouds until the sombre background is forgotten in the golden glow.

Miss Cook early saw the need of a popular journal of instruction and in 1849 gave her name to a weekly periodical which she conducted with remarkable success for six years, when her health broke down and she relinquished its publication. It was a great favorite in England, and selections from its pages often found their way into American journals. It has been hoped that she would be able to revive this popular periodical; but her health is not sufficient for the strain of such continuous and exacting labor. She resides at Wimbledon, and her last published poem, "Musings in the Old Church-yard," contains some tender and pathetic lines. Her verse has been highly praised by many appreciative writers, such as Cleveland, Rowton, and Mrs. Hale. Mrs. Osgood, who visited her in 1839, describes her as "just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her—a frank, generous, brave, and warm-hearted girl of twenty, with a face very intelligent, her hair dark brown and very luxuriant, her eyes gray, and full of expression, and a mouth indescribably sweet." We can easily believe the story of the felon, who had been transported to Australia; when questioned about his home and relations, he pulled out a soiled and well-worn bit of paper in which he had transcribed her poem, "Our Native Song." "This is how I think about them," he said; and in trying to read the lines burst into tears. This incident reminds us of the affecting story told of the effect of one of Phoebe Cary's poems upon a wayward young man. There is something divine in the music that melts a hardened heart to penitence and wins the wayward back to virtue.

Swain's Poems.

We meet with so much versified twaddle, and mawkish sentimentality done into rhyme, that it is refreshing to come into the daylight of a healthy mind like that of Charles Swain. This self-made English poet worked as a Manchester artisan for many years, and in an atmosphere the most uncongenial to the muses composed melodious songs which will go singing around the world in days to come, as they have in days past. Some of them are as tender and musical as the best of Moore's, while one or two have touches of that blithe, fragrant atmosphere which pervades

the lyrics of Burns. The most obvious maxims for the conduct of life are twined through simple verses, that set themselves to cheerful tunes, as fit to be sung by the maiden in the parlor as the mechanic on the bench. The poet's philosophy of life is as simple as a linnet's when he trills clear and sweet upon a budding bough. Do a good turn when you can, take the world as it is, keep the heart light, judge not in haste, speak no ill, and cherish old friends and old times, are among the lessons he would sing into people's hearts. He does not perceive that anything he can do will make the world much better; but he will try to brighten a few humble by-places, and his efforts are dearer to us than many prompted by a loftier ambition, but inspired with a less sweet and unselfish spirit. His versification is always easy and graceful; but it sometimes trips and dances along like a happy little mountain brook, and imparts a feeling of cheerful animation in which many of our modern poets are wanting. The following verses, chosen almost at random from his volume, will perhaps give some hint of his best style:

MARY.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind and airy,
Together met to mould the form
And gift the mind of Mary:
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis cupid's mouth—sweet girl—
And full of pearls and coral!
She's like the keystone to an arch.
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty.
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her:
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!
Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of Nature's best selection;
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect arch perfection!
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face
And witch the world with Mary!
She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No bird could ever surpass them;
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene,
Her step makes Winter vernal;
A something half divine between
The earthly and the eternal.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have done well to give American readers an opportunity of making the acquaintance of so genial a mind and sweet a singer as Charles Swain.

THE first public meeting of the New York Central Woman Suffrage Organization will be held at Chickering Hall, 14th street, between Fifth avenue and Broadway, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, at 8 p. m. Addresses will be made by the President, Mrs. Clemence S. Lozier, M. D., Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, and others. The admission will be free, but contributions will be solicited. All friends of the cause are cordially invited. By order of

LESLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,
For the Committee on Public Meetings.

Frederica.

FREDERICA, the young maiden Goethe fell in love with, after considerable previous experience in matters of the heart, is as described by his own pen, one of the most delightful characters of literary history.

Conducted in disguise, on a youthful frolic, to the house of her father, a simple-hearted country pastor, Goethe instantly detected a likeness between the different members of the household and the Primrose family as described in the Vicar of Wakefield. He was enchanted with the discovery, and the picture which he draws of their unaffected enjoyment of life, hospitality and good cheer is very alluring.

Frederica, the second daughter, corresponded to the Vicar's Sophia, and a young son played the part of Moses quite to perfection. Goethe's fancy was captivated at first sight of the maiden, and he thus describes her as she "arose a most charming star in this rural heaven." She wore "a short, white, full skirt with a furbelow, not so long but that the neatest little feet were visible up to the ankle; a light white bodice and a black taffeta apron—thus she stood on the boundary between country girl and city girl. Slender and light she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the large fair braids on her elegant little head. From cheerful blue eyes she looked very plainly round, and her pretty turned-up nose peered as freely into the air as if there could be no care in the world; her straw hat hung on her arm, and thus at the first glance I had the delight of seeing her, and acknowledging her at once in all her grace and loveliness."

Goethe soon became ashamed of the joke which, by means of his disguise, and the connivance of a fellow student he had succeeded in playing off upon these amiable people. The kind manner in which he was entertained by Frederica, in spite of his loutish costume, affected him considerably, and as his heart was already touched he soon contrived to present himself to her in his real character and awaken a corresponding interest in her breast. The life they led together was an idyl of youth and the most innocent love amid the charming scenery of Alsace. Goethe, in the splendid flush of his young manhood, with the poet's crown just shadowed in his hair; Frederica, a child of nature with a peculiar, unstudied grace which the most elegant society of drawing-rooms could never have imparted, going hand in hand about the fields in summer weather, and in the enjoyment of entire freedom, is a picture that haunts the heart.

The poet has sketched this charming girl under the sky, in a frame-work of boughs surrounded by field flowers. "There are women," he says, "who especially please us in a room; others who look better in the open air. Frederica belonged to the latter. Her whole nature, her form, never appeared more charming than when she moved along an elevated foot-path; the grace of her de-

portment seemed to vie with the flowery earth, and the indestructible cheerfulness of her countenance with the blue sky. This refreshing atmosphere which surrounded her she carried home, and it might soon be perceived that she understood how to reconcile difficulties and to obliterate with ease the impression made by little unpleasant contingencies. "The purest joy which we can feel with respect to a beloved person is to find that she pleases others. Frederica's conduct in society was beneficent to all. In walks she floated about, an animating spirit, and knew how to supply the gaps which might arise here and there. The lightness of her movements we have already commended, and she was most graceful when she ran. As the deer seems just to fulfil its destination when it lightly flies over the sprouting corn, so did her peculiar nature seem most plainly to express itself when she ran with light steps over mead and furrow to fetch something which had been forgotten, and to summon a distant couple or to order something necessary. On these occasions she was never out of breath and always kept her equilibrium."

Frederica artlessly responded to Goethe's love, perhaps the purest he ever experienced, and the time passed in her society amid country junkets, social games and the most innocent recreations, of which Frederica was always the animating spirit.

But this beautiful episode of youthful love could only end in one way—by separation. Goethe already saw peckoning in the distance the vision of a great future. He belonged to the world in the largest sense, and at that period of his life no restricted sphere of duties and enjoyments could long deter him from entering upon this career. The necessity of leaving Frederica cost him a bitter pang, which long rankled in his bosom, and poignant as was the pain inflicted upon this lovely girl, her whole life was dignified and ennobled by the knowledge that she had been beloved by Goethe.

Conservative Creeping.

THE first anniversary of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society was held a few evenings since in Dr. Hall's Church on Fifth avenue. The audience was large and the meeting interesting. Dr. Booth apologized for reading the report of a society composed entirely of women, but complimented the Secretary upon its clearness, brevity and business character; qualities which are often lacking in the reports of societies composed entirely of men.

Dr. Elmanwood, who represented the Foreign Mission field, spoke earnestly of the exclusively feminine character of this organization. Such societies are rare in modern times, but not in New Testament days. Paul, the great Conservative, took earnest and devoted women with him, employing them in all good works. This organization, which has the entire sanction of the great Boards of the Presbyterian

Church, originated in an incident that occurred in Arizona, where, on the death of a child, there being no minister to perform the funeral rites, an earnest Christian woman officiated in an acceptable manner.

Among the reasons why the Woman's Mission should be sustained, is the fact that a spirit of restlessness and discontent pervades American women. They are tired of sitting in the end of a pew and hearing good deeds eulogized and noble people praised. They want to be actors as well as spectators in the world. The rebellion taught them what women could do. The momentum acquired by their efforts must be expended; and if it is not put into deeds of love and usefulness and piety it will seek some diseased form—such as clamoring for the ballot!

Dr. Dickson gave an interesting account of the woman's meeting in Chicago, presided over by Mrs. Patton; and men left the house feeling better and nobler for what they heard, their feelings reaching into their pockets. Dr. Hall commended the Society for the influence it would have on women themselves. The mind that dwells continually on little things becomes contracted. Women need to rise above the trifles of life, and become broader and stronger and grander. Only in this way can the despotism of fashion be broken, and the tide of extravagance checked.

As we sat in the costly church and listened to the words of these intensely conservative speakers, who looked at woman's suffrage with fear and trembling as one of the follies of the age, we felt a new glow of encouragement and hope. These men were bits of wood floating on a current they did not comprehend, toward a goal they dreamed not of; and their position showed how the great conservative masses of the country are moving after if not with us. The organization is a confession of woman's ability, and her fitness for a larger sphere than home affords. The pleas in its behalf were a tacit acknowledgment of all that we have claimed. The fact that women have managed a meeting in Chicago with brilliant success, may presently suggest that possibly there is dignity and culture as well as piety enough in the women of New York to read their own reports and present the claims of their own enterprise. And who shall say that the daughter of some manager of this Society shall not ask why she may be a missionary as well as help support one, a missionary in America as well as in Armenia, and a missionary dropping the Gospel from her cultured lips in words of persuasive and inspiring power, as well as a watcher by the sick bed and a worker by the wayside?

So conservatism creeps along, and here and there begins to walk.

The women of Ohio want Congress to submit a Sixteenth Amendment, giving women a right to vote, to the people. This is making the matter explicit. Such an amendment would not need amending.

Not Quite Perfect.

We confess to being tired of the incessant clamor for perfection. Quite as much harm comes from having too high a standard as one that is too low. Counsels of perfection are of use to sluggish, self-satisfied, sleepy people. But, then, there are numbers of painstaking, scrupulous, conscientious people, who are made miserable by such a standard, and to whom something more practicable would be infinitely more serviceable. There are people who do not need to be urged and goaded to the highest possible pitch of excellence in whatever they undertake, but who do need to find peace and comfort in efforts to improve, which are all that circumstances render possible to them. The god of the modern world, who has stamped all our faces with his image and superscription, is Worry. The prime duty he imposes on his worshippers is to do more and better than they can. The insane anxiety to excel distracts and torments us, destroys our serenity, exhausts our energy, wears out our temper, and hurries us to the grave. He would be the best preacher for many of us, who should say, not "Be dissatisfied with everything short of perfection," but "Be satisfied with the practicable, even though it is imperfect; learn to recognize the inevitable limitations to human effort, and be content with the attainable."

Think what a multiplicity of duties fall to every one under ordinary circumstances; and, to obtain perfection in any one of them, would consume all one's time and strength. Take the case of a woman at the head of an average household—not a case of extraordinary complexity by any means. There are at least six different departments which she must carry on simultaneously, any one of which would monopolize her exclusive attention. There is the house-keeping, the sewing, the nursery, society, and personal culture. Now, to keep house with all desirable thrift, thoroughness and delicacy of detail requires undivided attention. Model housekeepers are quite right in looking with suspicion on the pretensions of those who affect other pursuits. They know that to keep house exquisitely the whole mind must be given to it. To keep the clothing of the household in the supreme state of finish, fitness and abundance demanded by modern fashion requires exclusive attention. To care for the children in the ideal way, to keep their hands always clean, and their hair always brushed, and their shoes always tied, to constantly supervise their manners and morals, to instruct and to amuse them—well, if one woman can do that, with whatever freedom from other occupation she may have, she shall command our respectful admiration. Then, as to her social duties, does any one suppose, if she were to receive all the guests it would be desirable to entertain, if she were to follow out all the friendships it would enrich her life to share, if she were to execute half the work

waiting to be done in society outside the four walls of home, it could be done at any less price than all the talent and strength she has? As for the time required for culture for herself, we forbear to speak.

Most women have all these complicated duties to perform with limited capacities and hours; and the only chance they have for peace of mind is in accepting their limitations and simply doing the best they can. They must either wear themselves out in vain attempts at the impossible, or learn to content themselves with being not quite perfect. The wise thing is for each to see just how far each function can be carried without infringing on the rest, and stop there.

It is very certain that, at the best, multitudes of things in themselves desirable will have to be left undone. The motto of greatest practical value is not "the best," but "the best we can." When we have done that, let us be content, and not embitter our souls by continual exactions. Let us be satisfied to be not quite perfect. Tranquillity in its way is quite as admirable as aspiration.

What a gain it would be if people could only make up their minds to bear with some degree of imperfection in their relations. They should do their best to make things what they should be; but they should take it as a matter of course that, when all is done, there will be failure somewhere. It would be delightful to come in contact with none but perfect people; but, somehow, they are hard to find. Wives, husbands, children, friends, all have limitations, defects, foibles, if nothing worse; and if we insist upon it that they shall never disappoint us, there is no end to the irritation and vexation of soul we store up for ourselves. People get impatient and disgusted with one another, grow heart-sore and morbid, and find their relations with each other intolerable, because they have never learned that a certain degree of imperfection is to be expected in them. How unreasonable! Here is this fellow-mortal, with his hereditary weaknesses, his defective training, his imperfect comprehension of things around him, and we expect him to conduct himself in a faultless manner! Disappointment is inevitable; and we may exaggerate his real faults, and attribute to him many he does not possess, in the reaction from our extravagant expectations.

It is a noble thing to cherish a high idea of the people you associate with; but it is a much nobler thing to bear patiently with the limitations common to all men, and not make too exorbitant demands upon them, nor be thrown out of equilibrium by discovering their imperfections.

One hears a great outcry every little while over the terrible failure of some effort or scheme for amending human affairs, from which much had been hoped. Republican institutions are a failure; temperance reform is a failure; Protestantism is a failure; civilization is a failure. But,

if we examine matters with care, we find that the only failure is in our patience and understanding. We have expected too much, and overlooked what has been done because everything has not been accomplished. The question to be asked about any undertaking or any institution is not "Does it accomplish everything?" but "Does it accomplish something?" And it justifies its existence by accomplishing some good, and helping to improve an imperfect world. If people could quietly make up their minds to this, and with some patience would make the necessary modifications in their expectations and conduct, what a deal of ebullition and ferment would be spared. CONTRIBUTOR.

The Pittsburg Convention.

THE meeting of the Woman Suffrage Convention at Pittsburg on Friday and Saturday, November 24 and 25, was well attended and highly successful, both in the character of the audience and the impression produced. Lucy Stone presided, and her remarks were sensible and to the point. Mr. H. P. Jenkins offered a series of resolutions which served as subjects for discussion, and Mrs. Cutter, Miss Matilda Hindman, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Lydia M. Coole, H. B. Blackwell and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, were the chief speakers. Mrs. Campbell's speech was particularly forcible, and that of Mrs. Jenkins was full of good points and made an excellent impression. Mrs. Howe's address was admirable, but we have room for only two or three of its jewelled sentences. She heard Mr. Greeley speak recently, and the worst thing he said was, "That distressed needle-women generally did distressed needle-work." This seemed to her as the *ne plus ultra* of masculine heartlessness. "Do you remember the fabled shirt of Nessus, the shirt which was sent by an enemy to great Hercules, and which poisoned him so that it made an end of his mortal life? I think that if Mr. Greeley could feel the miseries of the sewing woman who made his shirt it might so pain and poison him. It would not be charitable, perhaps, to wish that he might so feel it, but it would be just."

She repudiated the imputation that woman suffrage and free love are identical, and said: Free Love is the degradation of woman; not her elevation. Marriage is a sword of redemption which redeems the limitations of one character by the contact of its opposite. It signifies parentage and upholds society. Under its sway fashionable attractions disappear before the nearness and dearness of affection. To keep the door of happiness ever open is to keep open the door of violence and revolution. Whatever faults there may be in individual marriages, I would recommend that they should be amended rather than annulled. I should say to a pair who would ask my advice under such circumstances, if you cannot agree about anything else, agree

mutually to amend your relations. If you cannot go backward to the best motives and sympathies, go forward to them. People can always agree when they are willing to pursue a high and worthy aim together.

On the question of woman's right to vote under the Constitution as now amended she took the negative side, saying: I have always felt opposed to the endeavors made to find the letter of woman suffrage in the letter of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, because such endeavors open the door rather to subtleties of interpretation than to largeness of moral progress. I have high authority for not putting a new patch on an old garment, or new wine into old wine-skins, although I have had the pleasure of meeting with some remarkably seasoned vessels in my time. I must therefore, however unwillingly, support those who say that they cannot find woman suffrage in the acts which enable all male citizens of the United States to exercise the prerogative of the franchise. "I agree, therefore, with the judges who have pronounced the existing Constitution too narrow to admit, side by side, the two component parts of humanity. Let us have it on record. The gentlemen who labored over these amendments and gave themselves the right to vote about them, did not intend to admit to these new liberties their wives and mothers. They did not intend it and they did not do it, and they have it yet to do. We demand, solemnly and earnestly, a new ordinance, which shall expressly and explicitly throw open the disputed door, and give us not only the entrance we claim, but the welcome we deserve. And we are very near obtaining this.

She raised a point well worth considering in the following words: "Should the high, leading functions of this country be administered by men who do not believe in the theory and spirit of its institutions? Judge Carter does not believe in universal male suffrage. He says this in the remarks which explain his judicial decision. There's a man teaching mathematics who does not believe in the law of equilibrium. Let him teach himself before he assumes to instruct others."

Mrs. Howe closed her address as follows: "I have a last word to men and women, and my last word to the men is that these labors, these journeys, these arguments, these words spoken often with painful fatigue and a sense of inability show you what suffrage is worth if you do not know it. Christ showed what a human soul was worth. He showed what it was worth to bring the highest message of God. It was worth persecution, poverty, the being mocked, spit upon, and crucified. This is what his work was worth to him. We show you by our continued efforts how vital we believe this movement to be to our progress and to that of society. We show you that it is worth all fatigues, all troubles, and when you know how constantly we ask for it, how we are content to weary you, to weary ourselves, argue for it, you can never doubt

but that we are greatly in earnest and will not cease our labors until we have gained our end.

"My last word to women is, thou art thy sister's keeper. Let the most prosperous of you, those of you who have happy homes and cheerful firesides, everything that fancy can suggest, and who think that you need nothing more—if you are not able to help the great body of womanhood, you are imprisoned in pleasant houses. You are not fulfilling your mission. You are not doing your duty. Remember that each woman has an influence. Let us all remember that we must illustrate this great idea of womanhood, and that great idea which Christ showed in his doctrine and in his life. So all men and women are to be elevated by presenting this new idea of the Christian woman. Let us all remember this one mission."

Mme. de Stael and Mme. Roland.

M. SAINTE-BEUVE, in his "Portraits of Celebrated Women"—a charming book, admirably translated by Harriet W. Preston, and issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston—sketches the relations and some of the characteristics of the two great women belonging to the first revolutionary epoch of France, in the following paragraphs:

Mme. Roland has once mentioned Mme. de Stael. 'Stories are told here' (at Lyons), says Mme. Roland, 'of Mme. de Stael, who is said to be very constant at the Assembly, and who, they pretend, has cavaliers there to whom she sends billets from the gallery, urging them to support the patriotic measures. They say too that the Spanish ambassador has reproved her severely at her father's table. You cannot conceive the importance attached by our aristocrats to this nonsense, which perhaps originated in their own brains. They would willingly represent the Assembly as governed by a few blind fanatics urged on by a handful of women.'

But Madame. de Stael, on the other hand, has nowhere, that I remember, mentioned Mme. Roland. Was this the instinct of filial vengeance on behalf of her misconceived and vilified father, or was it the weakness of a woman who averts her eye from a rival? In that chapter of the 'Considerations' which treats of the Girondist group, Mme. Roland is conspicuous by her absence. Yet it is impossible to help comparing and contrasting, in imagination, these two illustrious women. Mme. Roland, who was eleven years the elder, owed to her bourgeois education the advantage of original and entire freedom from the vanity, the artificiality and the tinsel of society. Her little recess in the reading-room, near her father's studio, was worth more, as a juvenile asylum, than the arm-chair in M. Necker's salon, surrounded by a circle of wits, or even the romantic shades of Saint-Ouen. Mlle. Philipon, therefore, became the more masculine and simple character of the two. She early formed the

habit of repressing sensibility and imagination, of pausing at the dictates of reason, and regulating her conduct thereby. The philosophic and rationalistic tinge which she assumes, and to some extent affects, makes her even a little antipathetic and unjust towards the reigning wits and literati of the day, so dear to the heart of Mlle. Necker; yet, let no one think to represent Mme. Roland as a mere stoical philosopher, a strict citizen like her husband, in a word, as anything but a woman.

A woman she is. We recognize her as such amid all her philosophy and her wisdom, by her need of acting, if not openly, of touching the springs, although she never boasted of so doing. With what smiling satisfaction she describes herself as seated at her little table in the cabinet which Marat called her boudoir, and writing, under cover of the minister, her famous letter to the Pope. She, too, felt that she was formed for an active, influential manifold part; for that main stage of action where, at every step, the intellect finds food, and the love of glory is stimulated. And, if any prophetic vision could have revealed her public career, so brief, so crowded; her messages to the Pope and the king, from the depths of her austere boudoir; her ever-applauded appearance before the bar of the Assembly; and, for the last scene of the drama, herself, white-robed and with floating hair, mounting the scaffold in triumph; if she could have had her choice, surely she would never have wavered.

Woman's Emancipation.

BY J. C. HAGEN.

Bravely and fearlessly at last
Woman arises in her might;
Spurning the fetters of the past,
Demands her freedom as her right—
Freedom for all the powers conferred
By her Creator's bounteous hand,
Despite of custom's laws abroad,
To live, to flourish and expand—
Freedom those glorious powers to use
As by their Giver was designed,
Freedom her path to take and choose,
Despising all her soul would bind.
Risen by frowns unawed has she;
Truth, justice, virtue, her defence;
To lend her aid, the world to free
From misery, crime and ignorance.
Not man to govern or to guide,
Or be his rival in the race,
But as his equal, by his side,
To take her heaven-appointed place.
The world's applause he well may claim
Who gives a people liberty,
But she with higher, nobler aim,
From bondage half a world would free
And hers a triumph nobler far
Shall be, than ever hero won;
No blood-stain shall its glories mar,
No deed of heartless rapine done.
Triumph she must, for she alike
Justice demands for friend and foe,
And all the foes at her who strike
Aim at themselves a deadly blow.

A WOMAN given to dosing once asked visits to take some medicine. "No, thank you," she replied, "I don't take exercise in that form."

Words and Works.

ROSES wear thorns and women pins.

THICK-SOLED shoes are the soles for Winter.

CELESTIAL mechanics: Chinese shoemakers.

THE most powerful stationary engine: the pen.

A DELICATE burden: a young lady wrapped up in herself.

MEN are like colds—easily caught and hard to get rid of.

MISS J. E. SILSBY is practicing medicine with success in Kendallville, Ind.

MRS. MOULTON is to give a series of concerts at the Union League Theatre.

It is always polite to bow to circumstances—when you cannot escape from them.

THE author of "Hypatia" thinks history is mostly a lie. Well may he think so.

MELISSA SIMMONS has the honor of being the first woman ordained to the ministry in modern times.

MR. HOME, the spiritualist, has married a rich Russian lady. Which is doing well for a "medium" man.

YELLOW hair was, at the time of the Plantagenets, esteemed a beauty, and saffron was used by the ladies to dye it.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was asked if the Bible did not command tight lacing when it says, Gird up thy loins.

MANY ladies and gentlemen club together and rent a box at the opera for the season. Which is pleasant as well as economical.

It has been observed that curvature of the spine usually follows the wearing of high-heeled boots. Such healing is anything but healthy.

THE Queen of Holland has been delighting the artists at Rome by visiting their studios. She seemed to find special attraction in that of Buchanan Read.

MRS. AND MISS CARTER, of St. John County, Fla., killed a large bear with an axe as he was about dining off one of their pigs. Which was hardly an act of forbearance on their part.

SOME of the imitation jewelry cannot be distinguished at a little distance from the costliest kinds. Which greatly annoys those who pride themselves upon wearing the costliest ornaments.

ONE of the novelties of the Georgia State Fair was a cooking-match for a silver service valued at \$75. A by-stander remarked that it made his mouth water to see the way the girls served things up.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA has discovered in a Russian street-singer named David Mierovitch a tenor of such marvellous voice that she has procured his admission to the St. Petersburg Conservatory.

WORTH, the man manta-maker of Paris, has moderated his prices since the war, and gets up a very tolerable silk dress for three hundred dollars. Fashionable ladies think more of Worth than he is worth.

A YOUNG lady in Boston has hair seventy-five inches long. She is five feet and three inches high, and her hair trails a quarter of a yard on the floor when she walks. She is the greatest hairress in the city.

ONE of the London fashionable papers has a department called *The Exchange*, in which

ladies who tire of "a love of a bonnet" advertise it for exchange for something that some other lady is tired of.

MRS. HENRY MACKNARNESS, the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," a charming little book, has written a dozen short tales which Routledge and Sons have published under the title of "Old Saws New Set."

PEOPLE of good taste dress very plainly to attend the theatre, and a dark silk costume, plain dark bonnet and lavender kid gloves, is considered the most correct and stylish costume for a lady, even when seated in a box.

THE ladies of the Flower Mission in Boston have distributed among the sick in the hospitals and poorer homes 11,671 bouquets and 970 parcels of fruit within the year. A fragrant but exceedingly fruitful mission that.

MEN are said to be the cause of all the extravagance in woman's dress, and when they cease to pay court to silks, velvets, panniers, frills, chignons and foreblows, the women will go over to calico dresses in battalions.

REV. OLYMPIA BROWN has entered on the third year of her ministry at Bridgeport, Conn., where she is very successful as a pastor and much respected by the people of the town for her active usefulness and Christian character.

THE Methodist says that a prayer-meeting, class-meeting, or love feast without the sympathetic music of a woman's voice would be a strange if not a frigid occasion. Many wives of early Methodist preachers were nearly as useful as their husbands on their long circuits.

FANNY FERN has engaged not to write for any paper but the *Ledger*. But she is deeply interested in many subjects which cannot be appropriately discussed in that paper, and her portfolio is full of fresh fern leaves which will be given to the public in a volume one of these days.

MADAME VIARDOT, the sister of Malibran and the greatest of living lyric artists, having lost her property during the recent war, intends to make London her future home and repair her fortune by teaching singing. Her voice is *passee*, otherwise the opera would claim her as its brightest star.

MATILDA PHILLIPS, a younger sister of the distinguished American contralto, has recently gone to Milan, where she will probably make her public debut. Miss Matilda Phillips possesses a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, which has been trained in the best school, and her former master predicts for her a fine career.

A LADY says engagements are very unsatisfactory sort of affairs, for if you are not very polite and attentive the gentleman thinks you do not care for him, and you are afraid to be polite for fear the engagement might sometime be broken off, when you would be sorry to think you had wasted so much sweetness on some other woman's husband.

MISS KATE STANTON, of Providence, made us a visit the other day, holding in her hand a mysterious portfolio, and looking mysteriously but roguishly wise, as though she wanted to tell us "Whom to Marry." Audiences that would like to be enlightened on that subject will do well to listen to the contents of Miss Stanton's portfolio. It has a provokingly suggestive look.

GRACE GREENWOOD saw "great numbers of Indians at Virginia City, and says the latter are to a considerable degree accepting the situation, and becoming civilized and Christianized.

When sorely pinched, the noble red man will bow his proud neck over the sawhorse to earn his daily tobacco and whisky, and allow his squaw to earn her bread and potatoes by working.

MARY JACKSON recently died at Dayton, O., at the age of 119. Exactly why that age was selected for the remarkable lady is not clear. Of course she could walk and see as well as ever, and retained the use of all her faculties until the last, and expired like a burned-out candle in its socket. Which is all wonderful, and is offered for belief like other marvels without money and without price.

MRS. H. P. JENKINS says some men are opposed to giving the ballot to women lest we shall lose our beautiful femininity. If this femininity is inherent in woman there is no danger of her losing it, though she vote. Is the vain, frivolous woman of the world, or the woman with a bare neck and a spoiled heart who ridicules our principles, more feminine than Lucretia Mott?

WILLIAM and Mary Howitt, with their daughter Margaret, are in Rome. Mr. Howitt looks as fresh and handsome as ever. He has a remarkably fine though rather rustic face, with a frank and charming expression, and his white hair and beard contrast well with his ruddy complexion. Margaret Howitt's writings have all the freshness and sincerity that characterize the works of her parents.

FAITH GRIEWOLD, in a recent letter, says: "Last week our old schoolmate, Mary Feignson, died. At her funeral I overheard a neighbor wondering 'what made her give out so soon.' 'Why,' said the stupid man, 'she's allus been stout—done her own work ever since she's ben married, and had three children in five years, too. What did she die of?' She died of deadness, I angrily answered."

MRS. ACKERMAN, wife of the Attorney-General, made her first appearance in public on occasion of the Grand Duke's reception at the White House. She is a handsome woman, with dark eyes and hair, a remarkably fine figure, and graceful carriage. She wore a trained black silk of rich texture, with overdress of the same handsomely trimmed, a basque of the same, and a maroon-colored velvet bonnet.

HOWARD GLYNDON, the young lady whose contributions sparkle in the *Evening Mail* as one of its attractions, says that when a man knows himself as he is, when he knows just what he wants, and just what he can give in return for it, then is the time for him to marry. This frantic clutching at a woman's hand—any woman's, just so it is a woman's—by a young man just setting out in life, is like the old maid's "Oh, Lord, any!"

WE are happy to learn that Miss Emily Faithfull, our well-known English correspondent, has received a testimonial in recognition of her services in connection with the industrial and educational interests of women. The subscribers included names well known in art, science, literature and philanthropy; and among them were the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., Lady Franklin, Lord Lytton, Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M. P., and Lady Goldsmid.

MARY RUSSEL MITFORD was remarkable for her admimations. She was always praising somebody, and her errors of judgment were all on the favorable side. Which is one of the richest and rarest failings people are guilty of.

if it is a failing to fail to see the failings of others, and live in an atmosphere of admiration while others breathe the air of hate. Of the two failings give us that of the bee losing herself in flower-cups, rather than that of the beetle revelling in carrion.

A woman in the Treasury Department is so expert in deciphering disfigured, burned, and mutilated money, that her services are invaluable. She saved at one time to Adams' Express Company a large sum of money which had been under water until to the ordinary observer it was past all recognition. Having deciphered the whole amount, it was replaced to the express company. As an expression of their appreciation of her services, the company gave her five hundred dollars. She receives \$900 per year.

Mrs. MARGARET CAMPBELL says the woman suffrage cause is "not a woman's movement against man, but it is an honest effort of both men and women to elevate mothers and daughters to an equality with fathers and sons. I should be very ungrateful if I should say that all men were tyrants and all women slaves. I have a husband and a son, both of whom work for our cause. I know thousands of men who would be just to women—men who are a law to themselves; it is such men who are a hope to women. I am sorry that more men of that character are not in office.

Rev. PEREZ A. HANAFORD is settled over the Universalist church in New Haven, where she has large and interested congregations, and is doing an excellent service. She is as busy as two bees, and does more work than an ordinary sewing circle or ministerial club; for, soon as she sees anything that needs to be done, she does not stop and talk about it, nor try to think of somebody who might possibly do it, but she just goes and does it herself. Which is the secret of success and influence; and a good many man-ministers might learn a valuable lesson from this woman preacher's example.

Miss ABIE CRANE and Miss Lelia Curtis, formerly pupils at the Cooper Institute, were the first women to open an office for wood engraving in San Francisco, where they have been very successful, and at the last Mechanics' Fair carried off the palm over all competitors and received a silver medal, while at the State Fair they received a diploma. They are very intelligent and amiable ladies, prepossessing in their manners, and have the respect of all who know them. Miss Crane was the first woman who opened an office for wood engraving in the United States. It was at 763 Broadway, New York.

If women who give a "character" to their departing servants would always tell the truth about them, other women would be less frequently imposed upon than they are at present. An English mistress recommends her Bridget thus:—"The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything had vanished." This will do for an extreme case; but we hope none of our readers will have occasion to refer to the above as a model.

Grace Greenwood has been waited upon at table by soft-footed, white-robed, moon-faced Orientals, and she finds the Chinese very agree-

able as waiters. They put on no superior Litterer airs, yet are so utterly removed from all interest in you and your affairs, beyond the business in hand, that with half a dozen about you you have a delightful sense of privacy, and should no more think of dismissing Chinese servants, for better after-dinner freedom in conversation, than of sending away the tea-tray, lest its printed mandarins should listen and gossip. There is "no speculation" in their eyes. "The sleeping and the dead and the Chinese are but as pictures."

Boas are preferred to collars, although the latter are more comfortable. Boas are not worn with sealskin saccos, but the Astrachan sacque is frequently accompanied with the boa. The favorite length for the boa is a yard and a half to three-quarters, though some boas come fully two yards long. Mink and sealskin are made into flat boas, but fur having long fleeces is made round. Mink is always fashionable, and although it is not the rage as formerly, it commands high prices, for it is a very desirable fur. Choice sets of mink, consisting of boa and muff, are sold at \$125. The black marten fur, often called Alaska sable, is very fashionable this season. The greatest novelty, however, this year is black or silver fox sets. These come almost as expensive as Russian sable.

A New York woman writes to the *Times* that there is scarcely a dress-maker of taste and ability in the city who has not made a fortune in a few years, if not by her own industry and shrewd management, by cheating her customers. It is far from agreeable to feel one's self overcharged, especially when one sees the French dress-maker taking her orders in a dress composed of a heavier silk than the one she is to make for you, and then to meet her driving in her own carriage. Which shows what immense profit her business yields. She thinks dress-makers are the greatest of feminine worries. Which is doubtless true, and will continue true until women have the good sense to purchase ready-made clothes, as men do. If women will change their habits they will prevent half their ills and save half their bills.

When the adopted daughter of W. H. Seward called on Mme. Thiers, one of the first questions asked by the latter was, "What sort of servants do you have in America? Are they rogues?" Miss Seward replied that they were like servants elsewhere, good, bad and indifferent. To which Mme. Thiers responded, "Here all of them are rogues. I am obliged myself to lock up everything after meals; if I did not, meat, liquors, dessert, everything would disappear. At the Tuileries it was found necessary to sew up the pockets of the servants to prevent their stealing. Had the pockets not been sewed up, guests would have gotten nothing on ball nights. Before this measure was adopted, champagne, pies, chickens, even pieces of plate, disappeared in the pockets." So our American ladies are no worse off than Parisian dames, and even royalty, for that matter. Which is something.

A DELEGATE to the Ohio Woman Suffrage Convention confessed that she was anything but a man-hater. She said, "For my own part, I love man, individually, collectively, better than women; and so, I am sure, does every one of my sex, if they would utter their real sentiments. I am more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so is every true woman." Which shows her excellent

good sense. We never knew a man with any manhood to speak of who did not think far more of women than of men. And this is the reason why more men than women are interested in the woman suffrage movement to-day. They have so much respect and love for woman, so much sympathy for her wrongs, and so much faith in her possibilities, that they would lift her from every social and political disability and legal injustice to a position of equality with themselves in every respect. So the sexes prophesy to each other, and work each for the other's good.

There is a Woman's Christian Association in Pittsburgh which includes four distinct organizations—the Temporary Home for Destitute Women, Home for Aged Protestant Women, Boarding Home for Working Women, and the Sheltering Arms. Each of these divisions has a separate Board of Officers and Managers, but a common President. The Temporary Home has furnished shelter to two hundred and seven women and children during the year. The Home for Aged Women is a spacious building only just completed; it has ten inmates, but has not yet received the necessary funds to meet its wants. The Boarding House has furnished a comfortable home for forty-eight women during the year, and has a library of nearly three hundred volumes. The Sheltering Arms is an institution designed for the reformation of erring women. Mrs. James Kelly has given five acres of beautifully located ground for the building, which will cost \$30,000. The managers of the institution are full of encouragement from what has already been done. All of which goes to show that women are just finding their sphere, and that it includes whatever is calculated to redeem mankind and better the world.

The Redemption Bureau is perhaps the most interesting feature of the Treasury Department at Washington. Here all the mutilated and disfigured currency is brought to be redeemed. The ladies receive this money direct from the banks, business firms, corporations and private individuals, in its original packages, to be counted, destroyed, and new money sent in its place, and they are responsible for the amount so received until it leaves their hands. This money is counted, the mistakes, if any, noted, which often amount to hundreds of dollars, sometimes in favor and sometimes against the parties sending the currency. After counting and assorting it, putting each issue carefully by itself, the initials of the lady counting it are put upon the strap, the "overs" and "shorts," as the mistakes are styled, are reported, and it is delivered to the clerk having charge of the division. From him it is taken to the cutting-room, and there guillotined by the axe of the executioner, by cutting it in halves, which renders it from that moment dead to all use. It is then sent, one-half to the Register's office, and one-half to the Secretary's office, to be counted again. Each mistake is easily detected by the initials on the strap confining the notes, and a strict account is kept of them, and the same reported to each lady at the end of the month. If counterfeiters are not detected in counting and assorting this money, the amount so passed is also charged to the lady passing it. It often happens that half a month's salary goes to pay such losses. If, through any misfortune, oversight, or carelessness, money is lost while in the hands of the counters, it has to be made good by them. Not long since one of the ladies lost a hundred dollars in this way.

THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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Winter Work.

WINTER brings duties as well as pleasures. It is the season of parties, concerts, amusements, and excitement of all kinds. It suggests a round of gaiety, pleasure and fashionable dissipation. It brings excess, exposure, care, disappointment, heartache, sickness, and even death to thousands who enter into it with high hopes and the most ambitious plans.

Winter is woman's trial season. It puts her health, her heart, her mind to the severest tests. What she has learned, loved, and lived are weighed in the balance. "The season," it is called; it is the season of her special activity, opportunity, temptation, suffering, failure, and victory. More women break down in body and in spirit in this season than in any other.

The reason is, that it is made so exclusively a season of gaiety and excitement. The duty that steadies is forgotten in the dissipation that upsets. The work that refreshes is pushed aside for the pleasure that exhausts. The gaiety and entertainment, at proper times and in a proper amount, are well. Winter ought to be filled with joy and hilarity, festivity and mirth. As the mercury falls without it should rise within, and the gloom of the earth should be forgotten in the glow of the hearth, and the glory of our hospitality and recreative art. But to get the most and best entertainment out of the season, duty must alternate with pleasure, and festivity must follow and prepare for toil.

Winter has its appropriate work. Every woman knows what the season absolutely requires at her hands. But it also brings a work for culture and charity. No other season affords such opportunity for reading, study, stimulating conversation, intellectual outreach. And every woman should make it a matter of conscience to pack part of the season into the study of the best authors, the perusal of the finest and most enriching works, communion with the brightest minds and the most intellectual excitement at her command. The one thing our women most need, as the balance of their minds and their steady support in the

dizzying excitement of the whirl and glitter and intoxication of our fashionable life, is the knowledge, the interest in ideas, the hold on great principles, the refinement of mind and interior happiness that the best culture gives.

Charity is another special work of the season. The poor can provide for themselves in the summer. Then they have fewer wants and more work to do. But Winter trebles their necessities and closes many of the channels of supply. In every community there are worthy sufferers from poverty or sickness, or from both combined, whose appeal must strike the more sensitive chords of every true woman's soul. Charity is woman's special mission. She has a genius for that divine art. What in man is at best a virtue, is in her a native grace. And she never seems so truly herself and so true to the divine womanhood of the soul, as when she forgets herself in ministering to others, spends herself to heal, comfort, and uplift.

Club-House and Home.

A GREAT deal has been said in the religious and some of the secular journals against club-houses. The burden of complaint is, that they tempt husbands away from their families and initiate them in unprofitable society and bad habits. They entice young men from their homes, and drive the desire of marriage out of their hearts. They excite a taste for luxurious living, questionable amusements, and fast society. And they stand at the parting of the ways, and by their elegance and varied attractions, allure the unsuspecting on to evil if not to ruin.

There is some truth in this representation; but it is not the whole truth, nor is it wholly true. The club-house is a great convenience. It is much better than an ordinary hotel. It supplies a want for which there is no other provision. It attracts a great many men from worse places. It furnishes better society than the tavern, the saloon, or the ordinary places of resort. It cultivates the decencies if it does not appeal to the moralities of life. It invites to civility, politeness, respectability. It offers better amusements and recreations than its patrons find elsewhere. It gives opportunity for reading, and conversation with intelligent and cultivated and witty men. It is an exchange, where active and influential men of all sections of the country meet in pleasant relations and enjoy unrestrained intercourse. The men who abuse its privileges and turn its liberty into license, would be likely to do quite the same elsewhere.

The club-house is one of the necessities of our large cities at the present time. Some of them are too extravagant, too exclusive, too clannish, too much given up to the animal man and the animal in man. But the institution stands for a fact. It meets a want; and the part of wisdom consists in making it what it ought to be, not in abolishing it altogether.

Instead of arraigning the club-house as the antagonist of home, it would be far

wiser to improve the hint the former drops. It does no good to denounce attractions; they can be overcome only by attractions of a superior order. If pleasant companionship, cheerfulness, entertainment, music and amusements are so powerful to draw men away from home, would they not be equally potent to keep them there? Men are not governed so much as formerly by the sentiment of duty. They yield more to inclination than in other days. Their tastes lead them. They are moved by attractions. The club-house is a tell-tale. It reveals a secret that every wife and mother ought to learn. It tells them to make home so beautiful, cheerful, entertaining, and attractive, so helpful and so happy, that husband and sons will feel no special enticement from its gay and smiling circle. It tells the young lady that her only hope of winning the heart that is to beat in unison with hers forever, is by outcharming all other charmers by her superior intelligence and loveliness.

Within and Without.

THE outside life of many women expands into little shallows—puddles as Beecher would say—of duties, enjoyments and interests. They need to be waked up interiorly—to be made conscious of the fact that they have a range of faculties lying dormant, to learn to discriminate the higher from the lower, and to cultivate the higher.

The thoughts, and employments, and conversation of too many women are absolutely trivial. It is not enough to do worsted work, read second-rate novels, indulge in endless chit-chat about the merest trifles, and see that the washing is done on Monday, the sweeping on Friday, or even to attend to maternal duties as they are too often attended to, by giving much more time and thought to the children's clothes than to their minds and hearts. These things do not meet the requirements of noble living. They are decent and conventional, but they will never make society better. There are scores of women who divide themselves up so small among the pettiest objects, that existence is a kind of hash without any distinctive taste. Honor, independence, high principle are so pecked at by a multitude of littlenesses that they soften into timid conservatism and complaisance. Their intellect is necessarily stunted, and a pitiable sort of childishness marks all their mental processes.

There are only a few women as yet who are brave enough to form opinions upon subjects of real importance. Mrs. Grundy is more tolerant towards the silly and inane of the sex, than towards original thinkers. It is better not to know how to speak grammatically, than to startle easy people with independent views of things you are not expected to understand.

There are many who believe the retarded development, and the petty existence pricked out upon a pattern with a pin are the best for the average woman. She is spoiled the moment she begins to fill her head with

notions. Keep her ignorant and thoughtless, and amuse her as much as is reasonable, and she will best subserve the end for which she was created. What is the use of expanding the powers and stimulating the higher nature of women? others ask. All this waste of culture is like a good mill without a grist. Quickened mentality requires outward attrition. The faculties must be directed to a purpose for their highest development. The diamond cannot shape and polish itself; the gold cannot release itself from the quartz. Their uses alone reveal their capabilities. So long as women were deemed wise enough for domestic purposes, and could fill the ordinary conception of wife and mother, why unsettle and agitate to produce a new order of things?

We answer, without considering the new era which demands that every woman shall make as much of herself as can be made, domestic and social life ought to be ennobled. France, at nearly all periods of her history, has furnished examples of women who joined brilliant intellects and the finest colloquial powers to a perfectly naive womanly charm. They prove the fact that women can become deep, even abstruse thinkers, and take the lead in conversations with statesmen, philosophers and wits without changing the smallest mental or physical curve into an angle.

We want women of mind, of heart, of enlarged, expanded views, to add perspective even to our parlors and drawing-rooms. Too much of the beauty of our young womanhood is simply physical. The almost universal cultivation of a "surface," as has been observed, has made ease and wealth a level of vulgarity. Distinction and charm lie below, or at least apart from these idle, richly dressed, well fed, chattering women; and will until the empty brains are stocked with ideas, face and form moulded by the subtle touch of fine and high experience, speech modulated and sweetened by culture, souls broadened by unselfishness, and noble sentiments of virtue and religion—in fact, until life is developed from within.

Public School Martyrs.

FANNY FERN wisely calls on parents to mutiny against the pernicious rules which oblige school children to learn the larger part of their lessons out of school hours. Boys cannot be so easily injured, but the harm done to girls, at the most critical period of life, by undue confinement and overstimulating the brain, is painfully visible in the faces and forms of nervous, hectic, excitable creatures who break down under the pressure of some chronic disease before they reach womanhood.

Four hours of daily mental labor is enough for any girl under sixteen years of age. All the knowledge that is good for her can be acquired within that space of time, and if her mind craves more food than it can get in the first half of the day, it is

positive proof that she needs physical exercise and wholesome recreations. By stupidity nature revenges herself on the ignorance and criminal recklessness of teachers and school-boards. Backward children, and those who rebel at all hazards, through perversity and mischief, have some prospect of reaching a healthy adult age. The dunce in our schools has a better chance for life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness and productive maturity than those pathetic show pupils who are so perfect in their lessons and so prompt in their answers, who are often "cramped" into spinal disease, and exhibited into St. Vitus' dance.

Girls are more docile and compliant than boys; therefore, other things being equal, this system of restraint tells more injuriously upon them. The terrible discipline practiced in some of our juvenile schools, amounting almost to military rigor, is always more successful with, and fatal in its effects upon, girls than boys. There is something hopeful about the noisy, bustling wards of the boys' schools, when compared with the stillness which reigns over the girls' department. The latter implies a too fatal submission to restraint that it is cruel to impose. In some schools, punishments out of all proportion to the offence are inflicted for turning the eyes or even raising the hand to the head. Immense stress is laid upon merit-marks, which set the pupil who is always perfect in lessons and deportment upon a kind of pinnacle, to be worshipped and imitated. The children are practiced upon instead of being drawn out and developed. They must foot up so many in a column of figures; their united voices must keep perfect time and yield a certain volume of sound; their little hands must twinkle into the air in concert; they must gyrate, and march, and sing to time. It is all very pretty to look at in the mass; but unfortunately the interests of the individual child which need special provisions, are neglected. So many little spoons all dipping into the same porridge-pot of learning at the same moment may be a very pleasing sight to the spectator, but the fact remains that minds are like stomachs, and will not always assimilate the same food cooked and served in the same way. Our great public schools, formed upon a military model, are so much given up to evolutions and parades that country children with six months' schooling in the year are more intelligent and often know more than town children with ten.

The worst feature of the case is that parents are, as a rule, leagued with the teachers against their own children. It is required almost universally that the larger part of the lessons shall be learned in hours which ought to be turned into play-time, and the mother is expected to mount guard over the little pupil and see that this regulation is carried out. Parents must sweep away the abuse by interdicting all home study. What cannot be learned by a growing child in the morning hours had better not be attempted. The effort made by un-

wise parents and teachers to compel children to learn four times as much as they should in a given time, is fatal to the health and injurious to intelligence and culture of the young. This trying to pour a river through an inch pipe may not damage the experimenter, but may spoil the pipe.

American Women.

AMERICA stands for opportunity. In no other part of the world are things plastic like clay, waiting to be fashioned into permanent forms. It is the privilege of doing which comes to the American man and woman like a new Gospel, and tints the horizon with the rose and violet hues of promise. In older countries everything has been shaped into a certain order, substantial and complete in itself; but here only the foundation of a social system has been laid; and just as the rising walls need the finish of carved pillar and architecture created in accordance with the new-world spirit, the fresh energies of woman have been called to assist at the work.

America needs the best effort and all the effort of everybody in it. For an American woman to awake to the consciousness that here, in her own place, she can accomplish more than anywhere else in the world, is itself an education. The leaven of the new time has been given her, and she is to put it into her measure of duties and let it leaven the whole. In no other part of the world does frivolity and dissipation of time and thought seem so inexcusable as here, where everything is crying out to be shaped, moulded, polished and put in place. Any one who thinks at all, must feel that the free life of this continent ought to produce a race of women nobler than those to be met with elsewhere, the perfection of beauty, the glory of the race. Now much of the coarse work of the sledge-hammer and the crow-bar—the pioneer work of civilization—has been accomplished, and there has arisen a demand for the finer work of the chisel and graver. These woman's hands can wield as deftly as man's. We want her refining touches everywhere, and a woman who has convictions, culture, refinement and noble thoughts must work in some way if she would benefit others, or even maintain her own self-respect.

How often is it said, "There is nothing a cultivated and refined woman can do but enjoy herself as best she can." So long as the mind of America is famishing for noble thoughts, generous aspirations and refining influence; so long as the moral sense of thousands of our people is but half developed; so long as we need better homes, schools, prisons and churches; and more than all else, a wiser and better government, there is work enough and more than enough for every woman to do, even now, before the hour of enfranchisement has come. If every true woman would exert herself to the utmost, in whatever place she may chance to occupy, to extend the reign of truth and goodness, to correct and improve public sentiment, and make things what they ought to be, we should soon have a state of society that it would be a privilege to live in, and a race of men and women of which we might well be proud.

Correspondence.

More Variety.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

You will find enclosed a draft for four dollars for my REVOLUTION. It is with pleasure I learn of your taking charge of the REVOLUTION, having read your former paper with great interest, expecting to be a subscriber to the paper all the rest of my natural life. I took the liberty of an old acquaintance to make a few suggestions which I know will be patiently listened to on condition of my "ever afterwards holding my peace."

There is no doubt but the REVOLUTION will be ably conducted, but is there no danger of making it too exclusive in trying to satisfy a few extremists instead of the great body of intelligent readers who belong to neither party?

I have taken the *Woman's Journal* ever since it was a small agitator in Chicago, and have heard the changes rung on the woman question until I am tired of the monotony. Not that we have not everything to gain for ourselves and our cause in taking the advanced ground to which we are entitled, but as Sojourner Truth says, "If women have any rights let them take them and not talk so much about them."

If a paper was published for my own gratification, I would desire to have it remember that although women, we still are daughters, sisters, and wives, who love even our male relations, and respect other men, and take an interest in their doings. We are even so unfeminine as to care more to hear of the movements of the Pope than of those of his sister, or any other private individual, even if she is a woman.

Our pet paper should welcome all the satire that could be digested on the absurdities of fashion, and rejoice to see published in every number the fact that the Queen of Holland dresses on one hundred dollars a year.

It should have a column devoted especially to human miseries, with a view to their relief, and an occasional grateful acknowledgment of some good done. Never until we know the horrible abyss of human suffering will our hearts be touched to relieve them.

Then there should be a little instruction in art; a hint of the exquisite musical entertainments of the metropolis; not more, lest the whole country should rush down upon you in an overwhelming flood; and discriminating criticism on the drama, lectures, and amusements generally.

It should take for granted the painful fact that we have only superficial intellectual culture, and, like a wise tutor, try to rouse our sluggish ambitions.

And last and most important, it should teach something of science of government, so that we could learn to follow intelligently the ways of our rulers and be ready for the "good time" in the future, when our

votes shall be needed to swell the party of reform.

These suggestions are very modest, I know. All this for two dollars is very like the gentleman's advertising for a wife who possessed all the virtues, combined with beauty, and good manners, while all he had to offer in return appeared in the M. R. S.

Bend down low, Mr. Editor, and whisper in the ear of your opposing friend, that women will not change; could not if they wished, poor things, if they will only be quiet and let them grow. MAT H. LEE.

NORWICH, Nov. 20, 1871.

Our Irish Letter.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

A MEETING of the Irish Society on Woman Suffrage was held in Dublin Nov. 1, Miss Anne Isabella Robertson presiding.

It was announced that the following had become members of the society since the last meeting. The Earl of Mount Cashell, F. R. S. The Countess of Mount Cashell, Lady Jane Moore, Lady Helena Newenham, Lady Louisa Morgan. The Hon. MacDermot Roe, J. P., Alderford House, County Roscommon; Captain Dawson Damer, M. P., for Portarlington; Captain Stackpoole, M. P., Ballyalla, County Clare; Philip Cullun, Esq., M. P., Cookstown House, County Louth; the Rev. W. G. Curroll, rector of St. Bride's, Dublin; Mrs. Walpole, Grange Lodge, Waterford; Rev. J. C. Street, Wellington Park, Belfast; Doctor and Mrs. Palmer, Waterford; George Addey, Esq., and Mrs. Addey, Cork; Denny Urlin, Esq., and Mrs. Urlin, Leeson Park, Dublin; W. G. Brooke, Esq., Upper Pembroke street, Dublin; Mrs. Harvey, Waterford, etc.

Miss Robertson, in opening the proceedings of the meeting, said it was gratifying to think that the Prime Minister of England had said, in his late speech at Greenwich, that it would be necessary to remove the serious social inequalities under which women suffered now. Many eminent men agree with him in this. All knew that Mr. Disraeli had voted for women suffrage in the last session of Parliament. The ablest and deepest thinkers of the day were in favor of the enfranchisement of women. When Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill to Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women passed the second reading in the House of Commons in May, 1870, nearly three times as many Irish members of Parliament voted for as voted against it. When women get the franchise several slights and injustices which they suffered from now would be removed. An idea prevailed among some people that the women of Great Britain were as well off as they possibly could be, and wanted no improvement in their position; and while they thus extolled the exalted state of women of this country, they bitterly condemned the treatment given to the women of Eastern lands.

Miss Robertson always felt, when reading lamentations about the degraded state of

the East, that it bore a remarkable likeness to the state of the women of the West. In her novel of "Society in a Garrison Town," she had touched a good deal upon this subject. Some opponents of woman suffrage in this country asked, "What do women want more than they possess already? Are they not, in general, comfortably provided for, and why are they not contented?" The same might be said of the women of the East—are they not housed and fed? Too constantly housed, perhaps, and, as a general rule, we do not hear much of their suffering physical discomforts. Probably there are not more wife-beatings or wife-murders among them than we see recorded in our English newspapers. But we declare that the women of the East require something more than to be merely housed and fed. They want freedom and mental culture. Is not this a little like the women of the West? Can any one say that there are high schools or colleges in Great Britain endowed by the State for the education of women? Are there any honors or encouragements given to women in this country for learning or talent? Was there ever a woman of the United Kingdom given a title of distinction because she was clever? A lady in England was lately created a peeress because she was rich and gave money largely in charity; but of all the eminent women who are acknowledged to have had genius and talent in this country, not one ever received any title or distinction of honor to mark her out from any commonplace individual, or to encourage other women to follow in her footsteps. That titles and honors awarded for talent gratify the hearts of men, no one can deny. The youth who wins honors at college, the old man standing on the brink of the tomb, are alike proud of the intellectual trophies they have won.

We all know of an aged and eminent man, Sir Roderick Murchison, who sank into his grave the other day covered with honors; but we do not all know, perhaps, of a woman learned in science—Miss Caroline Herschel—who was refused even a medal by the Royal Astronomical Society for her discovery of five comets simply because she was a woman. This course was intended deliberately to discourage women from making researches in science; and yet some opponents of women's enfranchisement often asked "What have women ever done that was great in science or high intellectual work?" The men of the East would not grant honors to their women for literary or scientific labors, and neither do the men of the West. Aged men in the West might have a chance of sinking into their graves covered with honors; but aged women in the West lay down to die knowing that their name of "old woman" would be applied in contempt to ridiculous and bungling men. She (Miss Robertson) did not know whether it was the custom in the East to call silly men "old women;" but she was aware the habit prevailed extensively in Great Britain, where she

women were said to be so highly respected in their present dependent and unenfranchised state. She trusted, when they got the suffrage, British respect for women would assume another form. As far as she recollected, Miss Robertson did not think it was the men of the East who applied the name of "Blue Stocking" in derision to a learned or clever woman, but rather men somewhere about the West. A. C.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, Nov., 1871.

A Woman at the Polls.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

I HAVE to inform you that I offered my vote in this city to-day. In the 4th Ward polling place, being the engine-house in Jay street, where I found a respectable-looking collection of people, several politicians, a number of them being anxious about their own election, I observed Hugh McLoughlin, Judge Troy, District Attorney Morris, Farrin, and others. I was politely treated by all concerned, a way made for me, and I stood face to face with the ballot-boxes, unterrified and calm as fate, and felt as if I had tested the nonsense about men being disrespectful to women in any condition.

I took my little bunch of tickets in my hand, stepped up to the centre, where the palladium of liberty stood in shape of several glass boxes, half full of ballots. I held out my hand saying: "Gentlemen, I offer you my ballot for the present election." Two gentlemanly-looking men stared in amazement; at last one of them found a tongue to say: "There is no provision made for such an emergency; we cannot accept it." I inquired, "On what grounds do you refuse?" Answer, "Because there is no law to authorize woman's voting." My reply: "Then I am to understand that you do not recognize the Constitution of these United States to be the supreme law of the land. The 15th amendment says that all citizens shall be entitled to the suffrage, excepting criminals, lunatics and idiots. I am neither. Many here can vouch for me." The same answer: "We are not authorized to receive it." My reply, "I leave my ballot on this box; you refuse it; I call to witness these well-known gentlemen; while I say that I shall bring a suit against you for the refusal to receive a lawful ballot of me, a native born citizen of the United States, a resident of the 4th Ward, paying taxes, doing business in my own right, being of good moral character, supporting my family (being a widow). Do what you please with the ballot, but I make you responsible for the result. Good day, gentlemen."

The crowd parted for me to go out, as if a clap of thunder had smote them. I walked calmly away, and you might have heard a pin fall.

So I have deposited my ballot on the box, not in it, have done my duty, and if every other woman holding the same principles did the same, yesterday, would it not roll

up a great charge in the face of this man's government, I leave the fact as a matter of history, well knowing with the result I have nothing to do, and I mean to do the same every year if I die trying. All those politicians knew me for an honest woman, knew my position and standing, and that I have an influence in this city that should at least entitle me to be heard. These men dare not open their lips to me to hinder me from giving expression publicly to my opinion. Please accept this in behalf of the thousands of women who are too timid to attempt the same, for fear of insult, while I, in the firm faith of the past in my countrymen, know they will not be uncivil at the ballot-box to a woman, any more than at the opera, ferry, or any other place where men and women meet.

HELEN MARION WALTON,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1871

Lecturers Wanted.

Editor of the Revolution :

I HAVE long been an advocate of women suffrage, and have been a reader of the *Revolution* from its commencement. There are but few people here who are interested in the cause, and I wish some able lecturer could present its claims to our community. I subscribe to what Oliver Johnson says, but think we should hold fast to what we already have, while we try to educate the people up to the object we aim to accomplish. And if the Constitution gives in the ballot, let us claim it as our right.

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO, Nov. 18. S. T.

MORE LOVE.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

IN all the papers I have read and all lectures I have listened to on the subject of Women's Rights, I have felt a painful lack of true Christ-like love. We shall never conquer in this great warfare until we are thoroughly armed with this inimitable weapon. While I could bend the knee in homage to some of the noble women who have fought so rationally for this cause against the prejudices and hatred of the world. I am sometimes pained at the sharpness of their speech and the bitterness of their tone, and fear that while fighting for others they have forgotten to keep the flame of true Christian love burning in their hearts.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20. S. F. B.

The Paper.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

I AM delighted with the paper. We have read all the numbers, and everything in them except the advertisements, and with great satisfaction and interest. The two articles in the last paper, "A Catholic Mother" and "Loveless Lives," are worth the subscription price. In fact I do not know another paper so good all the way through as the *Revolution*. But what pleases us most is its broad, sweet and

earnest spirit. There is no spits against anybody, no sharp words, no bickering. You have half persuaded me that a reformer may keep good temper and the graces and amenities of civilized life. You know I am a confirmed conservative; but the excesses of you reformers have made me so. Only advocate this woman movement in a judicious, respectful, sweet-tempered, gentlemanly and gentle-womanly way—but with all the power you can put into it—and you will find me and half the conservatives of the country with you. C. L. T.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27.

Maud is Waiting.

BY PIERRE M. THOMPSON.

As in emerald verdure, the mountain
Is revealed to the raptured sight,
When the mists that overshadowed the valley
Are dispersed by the morning light,
So when cares of the day, like the vapor,
Neath the sunshine of solitude flee,
She will come to the musings of midnight
With the smile she had always for me.

And I see her bright form in my fancy
As it flicks like the bride of the air,
With her hazel eyes peeping and laughing,
Neath the waves of her sunny brown hair.
Then like rain drops her little feet patter,
As she trips as of yore, to my knee;
And her love I can read in her glances,
And the smile she has always for me.

But her soul was too loving and gentle,
Nought of earth could her spirit enfold,
So they loosened the life cord of silver,
And they shattered the goblet of gold.
And in tones of soft music they whispered,
And to paradise urged her to flee
For the angels of heaven were jealous
Of the smiles that she lavished on me.

They had found, in their bliss, that without her,
Incomplete was their heavenly band,
And they soon, by her pure soul discovered
She had strayed from the happier land.
But it is not for aye that they rob'd me,
And no joy has the wide world for me,
Like the thought, that at last, I'll be greeted
With the smile she has ready for me.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.

Lake Tahoe.

GRACE GREENWOOD, in one of her charming letters in the *Times*, says: Tahoe is the most beautiful lake I have ever beheld. It is an emerald on the brow of the mountain. Marvelously clear and sparkling, it is surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, and is altogether a surprise, a wonder, a delight. Some time, I hope to be able to describe it. I am vain enough to think I could do it, for I have only to close my eyes, and the whole exquisite picture of radiant skies and autumnal banks, and purple mountains and soft green water, glows and melts and shimmers before me. Ah! Nature was in a happy, tender, divine mood when she formed Lake Tahoe and its exquisite surroundings. And yet that sweet mood succeeded a passionate, fiery outburst, lasting nobody knows how many centuries; for it is said by "scientists" that a volcano overstepped and rumbled where Tahoe now ripples and smiles.

This lovely sheet of water was once named Lake Bigler, after a Democratic Governor; but triumphant Republicanism rechristened it Tahoe—an improvement, perhaps, poetically, but politically a very small piece of business. There is an admirable hotel at the lake, and a

small steamer, for pleasure excursions, a charming drive along its shores, and prime fishing in its cool, translucent waters. On the face of a high rock, in full view from the road and the lake, there is a singular natural curiosity. It is a profile, formed apparently by certain depressions in the stone—a colossal intaglio—and is a striking and a very noble likeness of Shakespeare. It is strange to think that Nature had chiseled his face in the eternal rock, high among the cliffs, where the eagles nested, in this savage mountain-land, at a time when the New World itself seemed but a monstrous mirage, or *fata morgana*, afar down the watery slope of the world, when not even the magic seas and the spacious heaven of his imagination took it in.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. MARY O. LEWIS, of Tremont, Westchester County, N. Y., reports her personal earnings, by stitching only, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, as follows: Earned in 29 months, \$7,800; average per month, \$269; per day, \$10.76; earned in one day of 18 hours, \$30; earned in one month, \$350, an average per day of \$14; earned in 12 months, \$3,745, averaging per day \$12.50. She has used the sewing-machine 17 years, and is now, and was during that time, in robust health.

Spectrum Analysis.

Three important lectures by Profs. Roscoe, Lockyer and Huggins, the distinguished English Scientists. Beautifully Illustrated. Interesting to every one. Marvellously cheap. Only 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or sent postage paid on receipt of price by the publishers, CHARLES C. CHATFIELD & CO., New Haven, Conn. 1869-1911

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—Do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Druggists throughout the world.

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Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

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HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR
RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in one preparation, which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,

NASHUA, N. H.

RANGE AND HEATER DEPOT.

A. McPHERSON,

No. 233 1/2 WATER STREET, NEW YORK,

Would call the attention of the public to the

RADIANT, or NEW FIRE-PLACE HEATER, one that will heat below as well as the upper rooms. It has a shield to prevent the mica from being smoked; has a dust-damper by which the stove can be cleaned out and a fire removed without dust. Any one who examines the grate will be satisfied that it is superior to any heater yet made.

Also for sale the American Range, THE MONARCH, an elevated oven range.

The Ethna Stationary Heater, THE VULCAN PORTABLE HEATER; also, COOKING STOVES, for coal or wood, SELF-FEEDING STOVES, and a variety of Heat-Stoves, all of which will be sold at low prices.

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Truss, Supporter

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NO 3 ANN ST., NEW YORK,

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Special attention given to correct application, with private apartments for ladies and children. Experienced lady attendant. All goods guaranteed as represented. 1308-14

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239 and 241 Water St., N. Y.

THE SINGER

Manufacturing Company,

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR,

—Constituted by the homes of the people—

Received the Great Award of the

HIGHEST SALES!

And have left all rivals far behind them, for they

SOLD IN 1870

One Hundred and Twenty-seven thousand

Eight Hundred and Thirty-three Machines

being more than forty thousand in advance of their sales of the previous year, and over forty-four thousand more than the sales of any other Company for 1870, as shown by the following figures from sworn returns of the sales of Licenses:

The Singer Manufacturing Company

SOLD OVER THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.	140,173 Mch
SOLD OVER THE WILCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.	95,443
SOLD OVER THE WOOD SEWING MACHINE CO.	92,831
SOLD OVER THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO.	70,431
SOLD OVER THE HOWE MACH' CO.	52,677
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Friends of Equal Rights are earnestly invited to make early arrangements for being present at this important gathering.

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Soothes the child.

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Gives rest to the child.

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STANDING.

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DEAR SIR: I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years with gravel, bladder and kidney affection, during which time I have used various medical preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparation extensively advertised, I consulted my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubeb and juniperberries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the matter, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing to you a full statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might be only temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing that it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I HAVE NOT USED ANY NOW FOR THREE MONTHS AND FEEL AS WELL IN ALL RESPECTS AS I EVER DID.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use on such occasions.

M. McCORMICK.

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To a tumbler half full of water put a table-spoonful or more of sugar; add to it a tea-spoonful of the **HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** AND **FAMILY LINIMENT**; mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of Sore Throat, either from Cold, Bronchitis, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a tea-spoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side, make a thorough external application with the **HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** AND **FAMILY LINIMENT**, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For Tooth Ache, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a Cough and Pain in the Side, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For Ague, make a like application to the face. It is best at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood and invigorates the system.

For Burns or Scalds, put it on in its full strength immediately after the accident.

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